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A MOST LIBERAL OFFER.

All our former readers should take advantage of the unprecedented clubbing offer we this year make, which includes with this paper, The Live Stock Indicator, its Special Farmer's Institute Editions and the Poultry Farmer. These three publications are the best of their class and should be in every farm home. To them we add, for local, county and general news, our own paper, and make the price of the four, one year only \$1.25. Never before was so much superior reading matter offered for so small an amount of money. The three papers named, which we club with our own, are well known throughout the West, and command attention upon mere mention. The Live Stock Indicator is the great agricultural and live stock paper of the West. The Poultry Farmer is the most practical poultry paper for the farmer, while The Special Farmer's Institute Editions are the most practical publications for the promotion of good farming ever published. Take advantage of this great offer, as it will hold good for a short time only. Samples of these papers may be examined by calling at this office.

BELEATED ANSWERS.

She said: "The play seemed tiresome," and groined for a reply. I said: "No time hangs heavy if you are only by." That is, I said it later. I couldn't think of it then; I was ready for her another time. But she never said it again.

"The good, the true, the beautiful," she said. "I deeply prize." "And they are always with you," I said with beaming eyes. That is, I should have said it, if I hadn't been too slow. As it was, I only thought it out an hour or two ago.

"May I sit by you?" asked Phyllis. Quoth I: "The pleasure's mine." I said it after she got out. Two stations down the line. Send me, benighted heaven, some speed of wit I pray. That I may think of it replies upon the softest day! —Portland Oregonian.

BY FORCE OF WILL.

BY F. H. SWEET.

"He's come," said old Herkamer, as he came into the kitchen and began to unload himself of the packages which he had brought from the trading post ten miles away, "an' now, I reckon, the next thing'll be for him to go. We ain't waited five years for a meetin' house, jest to carry it on as a nursery now we've got it. I don't see what Dr. Brown was thinkin' on."

"Is he very young?" asked Mrs. Herkamer, transferring the packages to a small cupboard fastened against the logs of the cabin wall.

"Young!" and old Herkamer's grim face seemed yet grimmer as it peered out through the small triangle formed by his down-drawn cap and big, upturned collar. "He's younger'n our Seth, an' Seth couldn't speak ten words to folks lookin' at him to save his life. What we want is a tough, hard-headed man who knows our ways and can put up with 'em. This feller's store-made an' soft. I wouldn't be surprised if he shaved every day. Huh! What can a feller like that do with our young men? S'pose he had to tramp ten miles through a Dakota blizzard to say prar's over a remains; s'pose he'd meet a fightin' grizzly in the forest; s'pose some of our high-spirited boys got to chaffin' him in their bar cab way—say! what'd he do then? Our old minister where we come from had hands like the bark of an old hick'ry, an' could wrestle with a grizzly an' pitch a man through a window when he got sassed. That's the sort we need here. Horse sense comes 'fore book sense, an' hard hands 'fore pliteness. That's my idee."

He drew a stool to the fireplace and spread his hands out over the blaze with thawing satisfaction. One by one the grim lines of his face softened and melted under the fire's influence, and presently he turned half round toward his wife, who was then preparing supper.

"Of course, we needn't say anything like this outside," he observed, half apologetically. "The boy ain't to blame for what he is, an' the doctor got him here. An', furrer, still mellowing, 'we won't be hard on the doctor, either. He's our nearest neighbor, an' generally does things pretty sensible. We can pass over a slip now an' then. An' that reminds me," turning entirely around; "the doctor said he'd bring him over this evening if it didn't storm too hard. The boy seemed spry an' good-natured, an' said he wanted to visit everybody an' get acquainted. We'll treat him right; we can, poor feller! He don't seem to realize how soon the boys'll run him out."

The sounds of the approaching storm could be heard more plainly now, and Herkamer went to the windows and door and fastened them more securely.

"The doctor won't bring him over to-night," he said, as he resumed his stool at the fire; "an' I don't reckon Seth an' the half-breed will come in, either. Leastways, I hope not. It'll be safer in the gulch than findin' one's way through this snow."

But he was mistaken, for presently there came a tramping and stamping outside; and as the cabin door was thrown open a tall, white-haired old man stepped in, accompanied by a boyish figure of slight but compact build. The old man was Dr. Brown, the neighborhood anticleric; and in his companion Herkamer recognized the new minister.

"I hardly thought you'd come over to-night," he said, rather shortly; "the storm—"

"That's just why we came," the doctor interrupted, genially. "The storm is likely to be a long one, and we can get back before it becomes severe. By to-morrow even the mile between our houses may be difficult to make. You are one of our prominent members," frankly, "and I wanted you to see more of Mr. Irwin before hearing him in the pulpit."

We are apt to be prejudiced against strangers."

Herkamer's grimace increased. He was not prejudiced, he told himself, only conservative and steadfast. The man was all right, of course; but he was in the wrong place. It was a manifest duty to discountenance the mistake.

At this moment came a stumbling outside, and an ineffectual groping for the latchstring, then an "Open de do!" I say, open de do!"

Herkamer sprang forward to comply, and as the door swung back a short, squat figure half fell into the room.

"The half-breed!" ejaculated Herkamer, forgetting to shut the door in his consternation. "What's up, Baptiste? Where is Seth?"

"Busted," responded Baptiste, throwing out his arms dramatically; "tree fell on shanty, break 'rou. Seth busted, me—Baptiste—busted, too. Come for help, med'cine—rub on."

"Not dead?" gasped Mrs. Herkamer, her face whitening. "Seth ain't dead?"

This brought the half-breed to his senses.

"Non, on'y jes' busted," he reassured her. "Leg hurt so ain't walk. Me—Baptiste—busted, too, finger broke. Come for med'cine rub on. Ain't had busted, non."

With trembling hands, Mrs. Herkamer produced some bottles and bandages from the cupboard. Her husband reached for his groutcoat.

"We must hurry back to him," he cried. "If his leg's broke, it must be attended to at once. You'll have to excuse us," to his guests.

Baptiste raised his squat figure to its full height.

"No good you go," he declared, sturdily; "bad way 'rou ravine. F'rten mile we come, all time fallin' an' climbin'; take five, six hour. You no strong like young man. Better me go lone. Go two time quick. Leg broke, want look out for soon. Me fix him, den we stay two, 'free day, an' come home all right. Bes' way."

"The half-breed's right," said Dr. Brown. "If the leg's broken, it needs looking after at once, and Baptiste is just as good at that work as I am. Two old fellows like us, Herkamer, would only be a drag on Baptiste's progress."

But old Herkamer paid not the least notice. He was resolutely humping his shoulders into his groutcoat, when he felt a light touch on his arm.

"You would better stay here, Mr. Herkamer," the young minister said, quietly. "Your son is in need of help which should reach him just as speedily as possible. I am used to this sort of thing, and am young and strong; besides, I have some little knowledge of medicine. Baptiste and I can do all that is necessary." He buttoned his coat and turned to the half-breed, who had been listening with open derision. But, somehow, when Baptiste met the straight gaze of the young fellow the contempt faded from his face. Like those who live close to nature, he was accustomed to look into eyes, and those eyes were strangely legible.

"Well, I guess mebbe you go 'long," he acquiesced, graciously; "dat is, if you t'ink you good for tough job."

Old Herkamer stared. That soft-handed boy "used to this sort of thing," and Baptiste accepting him in preference to himself? What was the world coming to?

"Why, the boy can't get through the ravine to save his life," he blurted out.

"Ain't go 'rou ravine," Baptiste declared, stolidly; "go 'roun' by hill dis time. Take two time longer, but me' safe. Go in ravine, find snow t'ick, mebbe no get 'rou. Bes' go safe way. But no time to wait for old peoples."

Herkamer snorted, but slowly removed his coat.

"Well, young feller," ignoring Baptiste and speaking to the minister, "You'd better get on my big coat an' all the other warm stuff we can scare up. Better freeze comfortable long; you're bound to freeze. An' don't let that half-breed push you on too fast. We don't want no remains in our hands, even if Seth has broken his leg."

The young minister smiled.

"This costume is all I need, thank you. I had it made especially for this sort of work, and it is very warm. I do not like heavy wraps for hard walking; the exercise is better. Now, Baptiste, about the route? Is this ravine you speak of a plain trail? Would a greenhorn like me be likely to lose his way?"

"Non; it be narrow, an' dere be rocks high on bot' sides, an' de camp be right in de middle. It can't be

miss if one go dat fur. But we ain't goin' in de ravine, non. We go 'roun' by de hill. De ravine no let us out, mebbe, an' him berry dark, now."

"Well, we must remember that a man is waiting in urgent need of help, and that a barrier is liable to block any trail. We must take no chances. You go round by the hill, and I will take the ravine, with a lantern. I am used to climbing, and can probably get through without any trouble."

Baptiste raised his hands as though to protest, but no words came from his lips. Those straight fingers were controlling him, and his hands fell to his sides. The minister was a leader, evidently, and must be obeyed.

When they turned toward the door the rest accompanied them. Baptiste bent his head to the storm and plunged stolidly away to the hill route; the minister waited for a few directions from Herkamer; then he strode in the gathering darkness toward the ravine.

"Do you think there is any chance at all of his making it?" asked Herkamer, in a troubled voice.

"Chance?" echoed the doctor, with a curious ring in his voice; "of course I do. That young fellow is small only in size. Why, he's climbed half the mountains in Europe, and likes nothing better than a tough wrestle like this to help somebody. It's the best job I ever did for the neighborhood getting him here. I was afraid I couldn't, for he has plenty of money, and only took to the ministry through love for the work. I thought he'd want a softer place; but, no, he actually seemed pleased when I asked him to come out to our wild country. Of course he'll make it."

And he did, but with a sheer force of will that made it linger for many a long year about the neighborhood freeways as a story of pluck and endurance. And when he stood in the pulpit the next Sabbath, with one arm in a sling and his face still pale from the journey, there was not one in the rough audience but listened with respectful and earnest attention. And later, when they crowded about to shake hands after service, it was not an effeminate, boyish figure they saw, but a brave, strong man whom they were all glad to accept as a leader.—N. Y. Times.

HAD HEARD HIM PREACH.

Ex-Convict Gets a Good Dinner by a Little Flattery.

A hard-featured man, dressed in a new suit of very cheap black, called at the house of a well-known clergyman, and upon giving his name was invited to take a seat in the gentleman's study.

"I have a few days to spend in town," said the visitor, according to London Tit-Bits, "and I did not want to leave without calling and paying my respects to you. I have heard you preach many a time."

"Yes," said the parson, beginning to take an interest in the visitor.

"I like your preaching, and though I do not belong to your church, yet I must say you preach the best sermon I ever heard."

"There are so few good preachers now, very few in whose uprightness you can place trust, and when we meet one of the right kind we like to express our appreciation."

"Yes," the good man repeated, and as the bell tinkled he rose and said: "Come, my friend, and take some lunch with me."

The visitor was only too happy, and, seated at the table, began to eat with an avidity that attracted his host's attention.

"You say that you have heard me preach many a time," remarked the minister.

"Oh, yes," the man replied, conveying an ample allowance of mashed potatoes into his mouth.

"I don't ever remember seeing you at my church. I suppose you have heard me in the country?"

"No," said the visitor, helping himself to beans; "not in the country."

"Certainly not in town?"

"Well, sorter yes and sorter not. You know you preached at the prison for some time. I was there for stealing a horse and cart, and finished my time to-day. I'll thank you for the bread."

British Emigration.
Ireland's emigration rate has been 1,334 per 100,000 population per year; that of England and Wales only 323 per 100,000 a year.

Marriages in London.
The number of marriages in London during the last 12 months was 40,919.

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Scotland has 148 parishes without paupers, poor rates at public houses.

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